



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

light ran along the archway from the Belvedere to the avenue. The fireworks flashed out an intense brilliancy, and arrows of light of every hue shot across the dashing meteors that trinkled on tree, house-top and fence, piercing even the deep gloom beyond. The faces of the gazers were touched with crimson yellow, green or blue as the powder fized within its pasteboard cells, and horses plunged wildly in the traces as the shifting yet dazzling hues played around them. Pausing for a moment to witness this rare triumph of the pyrotechnic art and to gaze on the palace of light, shining like that which Aladdin may have seen when he rubbed his lamp, the guests passed beneath the arches of fire and found themselves on the dancing platform. There half a hundred couples were whirling round in that peculiarly dreamy, intoxicating manner that characterizes the German waltz, or flitted past in ever varying circles in the inspiring galop."

The music was excellent; the company was elegant, and fully imbued with the full spirit of enjoyment, and all those necessary luxuries which belong to the time and the occasion, were unimpeachable and abundant. It was a decided success in every sense of the term.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Saint Cecilia's Day.—A cantata, translated from the Dutch. The music by J. B. Von Bree. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

But very little of the music of Von Bree is known in this country; indeed his reputation is for the most part local, but very few of his works having been made familiar to other publics. Still he is rather a voluminous writer, and his works give evidence of scholarship, fine taste and feeling, with a flow of imagination and tenderness of thought, and, if not distinguished by positive genius, are, at least, charming, and replete with talent.

The cantata before us is a delightful composition, highly melodious in its character, and simply yet richly harmonized. It consists of thirteen numbers, comprising recitatives, solos, choruses for mixed voices, and one for male voices alone. The poem is simply an Ode in praise of Music, addressed to its presiding deity, St. Cecilia; but although it has not the advantage of action consequent upon a plot or story, the emotions are so well contrasted, the pastoral with the religious, love and dance with patriotism and devotion, that the necessary variety of rhythm and sentiment is obtained.

The cantata opens with a quiet movement in D major, 6-8 time, leading into a chorus:

"Breathe into this quiet vale,
Sweetest odors, all ye flowers;"

the melody of which is sweet and flowing, sustained by a smooth and florid accompani-

ment. After a pause upon the tonic, an andante in B flat major, 3-4 time, is introduced, the melody of which is sustained, supported by a light and beautiful accompaniment in chords, which has a fine serial and fanciful effect. A simple modulation brings back the first subject, and closes the chorus. It is altogether a charming number.

No. 2 is a recitative for soprano voice, which introduces No. 3, Chorus, "Brooks shall murmur, rocks shall sing," in C major, 4-4 time, the subject of which is clear, heartfelt rejoicing, and its only fault is its brevity.

No. 4 comprises recitative and solo in A major, for soprano voice: "Thence will we hie to thy Elysian bowers." This solo is distinguished for its graceful melodious flow, and also for its brilliant ornateness. The passages are in the old style, but they require clear, smooth and perfect articulation for their due rendering. Well sung, this solo will be found very effective.

No. 5, "Youth and beauty hand in hand," is a choral movement in D major, 3-4 time. The subject is graceful and pleasing, and is distinguished by the free flow of its melody.

No. 6 is a recitative for tenor voices, leading into No. 7, Chorus for male voices, *Allegro Resoluto*, in E flat: "Rise and break the chains that bind us." This is a bold and resolute movement, marked by clear and vigorous emphasis. Its effect is enhanced by a sustained movement for the voices in A flat, 4-4 time, relieved by an accompaniment figure of six crochets. The first movement is repeated, and concludes with bold and striking effect.

No. 8, chorus in A flat, is a pendant to the foregoing, in which the women endorse the sentiments of patriotism and devotion. It contains some good effects of light and shade.

No. 9 is a recitative for soprano or tenor voice, which introduces No. 10:

"Incense odors hovering o'er us,
Bear our songs of praise on high"—

a sustained and richly harmonized chorale in F major. This solemn movement, following on the preceding bold and spirited numbers, will be found to produce a quieting and charming effect, while it forms a shadow to the numbers 11 and 12, recitative and solo, with chorus for tenor voice:

"Come forward with pleasure, with garlands of flowers;
And join in the scenes of these swift-passing hours."

This movement is in A major, *Tempo di Galoppo*, and is in fact an invitation to the dance. The subject is, necessarily, a little common-place, but is redeemed by its treatment. The solo is relieved by the answering points in the chorus, which give force and point to it. It is full of animation, and is well worked up, the triplet passages for the solo voice imparting dash and spirit to the close. This is a safe encore piece.

No. 13, the finale, is an Invocation to Music:

"Holy Music! may'st thou ever
Charm us with sweet melodies."

It commences with a tender melodious phrase, which leads into a double canon, which is vigorous and emphatic, and closely and brilliantly worked out to the close.

It will be seen by the above that the cantata, "St. Cecilia's Day," is from its melodious and varied character, and from its simplicity, (with the exception of the soprano solo,) admirably adapted for all choral purposes. It is suited alike for vocal societies, for school commencements, and for musical conventions. Its subject is of universal acceptance, being neither sectional nor individual, while its treatment, as regards difficulties, brings it within the performing capacity of any society. A fault of the directors of most of our singing societies is, that they put their singers to work upon compositions whose difficulties are beyond their reading capacity. Hence arises the necessity of drilling the music into them, and the result is that they go on singing for years without improving one iota in reading at sight. The practice should be constantly varied both in matter and in style. It hardly repays a body of singers to work at a composition for ten years and execute it indifferently at last, instances of which are not uncommon.

We can very cordially recommend to our Singing Societies of New York, Harlem, and Morrisania, the cantata, *Saint Cecilia's Day*; it will be found not only a recreative practice, but a fit subject for public representation.

Tarantelle, pour le piano par W. Kuhe. C. H. Ditson: 711 Broadway.

Lively, spirited, and full of character. Effective and not difficult.

We have also received from C. H. Ditson & Co. the following pieces:

The Sparkling Scuppernong Schottische, by Richard Berry. Dedicated to W. F. Sherwin, Esq., of this city.

It has a very gorgeously-colored but well-executed title-page. The Schottische would seem to prove the inspiration of the Sparkling Scuppernong is either very weak, or much too strong.

Tottie Don. Polka and Galop. By Charles Fraul.

A very common-place and worthless piece of music, but calculated, from its sing-song-yness, to command a sale.

The Birds will come again. Written by George Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

One of Mr. Thomas' light and popular trifles. The music is of that familiar character which strikes the ear at once, and, like all Mr. Thomas' ballads, it has a sentiment which is tender and touching.

Open thy Window. A Serenade. Words and music by T. H. Hinton.

A Serenade that will pass muster. The melody is not very spontaneous, but it is unambitious and pleasing.

Souvenir d'Insbrouck. Tyrolienne pour piano, par F. Bendel.

A graceful and characteristic Tyrolienne. The melody is flowing and tender, and is written with the elegance and freedom of an experienced hand. It will be a favorite salon piece.

Sunshine. Polka Mazourka, for piano, composed by S. J. Levy.

Very easy. The second part is quite a pretty subject. It is dedicated to Miss Maria Solomon.

Bright Sunny Days. By Alvin P. Hovey. Arranged by F. Kirken. Translation by José Arnaldo Marquez.

The melody is quite pretty. The arrangement is poor. It should have been written in 6-8, which would have accommodated the Ah's! with propriety, or, with the present measure, the second Ah! which now is out of rhythm, should follow the course adopted for the first Ah! It is dedicated to "Essie."

Sounds from Panama. Birthday Polka, by Annie Burchard.

An unpretentious and pleasing Polka. It is good both in sentiment and character.

FOURTH SOIREE OF THE ARION VOCAL SOCIETY.

The Arion Vocal Society gave their fourth soiree at Terrace Garden, last Saturday evening. Although the evening was fine, the attendance was hardly as large as we expected, but we willingly accepted the quality in place of the quantity. The soiree was under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann, and presented the following selections:—

1. Grand March, "Coronation"—Meyerbeer.
2. Overture, "Martha"—Flotow.
3. Barcarola, "Astorga," (by general request)—Albert—Arion and Orchestra.
4. Grand Selection, "Huguenottes"—Meyerbeer.
5. Botschaft—Müller—Arion and Orchestra.
6. Romanza, "Tannhauser"—Wagner—Solo for Cornet à Piston and Trombone, Messrs. Dietz and Heinecke.
7. Grand Chorus, "Rienzi"—Wagner—Tenor Solo, Mr. Candidus, Arion and Orchestra.
8. Grand March—Strauss.

The orchestral performances were unexceptionable. Each piece was played with spirit and decision, and with all that nicety of effect, which distinguishes the leading of Mr. Bergmann. The "Tannhauser" solo for Cornet à Piston and Trombone, was splendidly played by Messrs. Dietz and Heinecke.

The vocal pieces by the Arion, were carefully and artistically rendered. The Barcarola was specially excellent, great care being taken to produce delicate coloring. The Grand Chorus from Wagner's "Rienzi," with Tenor Solo by Mr. Candidus, was finely sung and was very effective. Mr. Candidus has a

very sweet and sympathetic voice, and sings tastefully and expressively.

After this excellent concert, dancing commenced in the large hall, and was kept up with great spirit by the members and friends of this eminently social and friendly society.

ART MATTERS.

I have had the gratification during the week just past of seeing three thoroughly good pictures—"A Scene near Gettysburg," by Eastman Johnson; "John Brown led to Execution," by T. S. Noble; and "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Jerome Thompson.

Mr. Johnson's picture is a painted story of one of those many touching hospital incidents which occurred during the late unhappy war. A poor fever-racked boy has been brought out from the tent hospital to enjoy the sunlight and the cooling breeze; stretched upon his mattress, the sun playing over him, the old happy smile has come back in his weary face. By his side sits a fair girl, who, pen in hand, is writing the letter he is dictating to the loved ones at home; in the distance we see the sentinel pacing with measured tread; while throughout the whole landscape there is a truly southern luxuriance of foliage and sunshine. In the treatment of subjects of this class, Mr. Johnson is always remarkably happy—there would appear to be an undercurrent of home-like poetry in his nature which leads him to paint these quieter and more pathetic incidents of the war—a feeling that has led him to paint "The Drummer Boy," "The Pension Agent," and last, but not least, this "Scene near Gettysburg." Aside from its merits of poetry and sentiment, the technical merits of the picture are of no mean order—the sick boy, the patient nurse, the landscape, and the general feeling of sunniness are excellent, while the shimmering light breaking through the leaves, and falling upon the invalid's couch, is nature itself. The public will probably have a chance to see this little gem at the coming Fall exhibition of the National Academy.

In "Margaret Garner," Mr. Noble shadowed forth for himself a brilliant future; if I mistake not, this promise bids fair to be realized. In his picture of "John Brown led to Execution," Mr. Noble displays a higher finish, a truer appreciation of nature, and a more thorough knowledge of the value and quality of color than has been seen in any of his former efforts. "Margaret Garner" was strong, powerful, dramatic, but lacked finish—the present work is equally strong, equally dramatic, and possesses that delicacy of manifestation which in the other was wanting. The moment of action taken is when John Brown, being led forth to execution, is stopped by a negro woman in the crowd, who, on bended knee, imploras his

blessing upon her child; the old hero, so says the historian, stooped down and kissed the little piccaninny, then passed on to the scaffold. John Brown is of course the principal figure and central object of interest in the picture; a grand, noble figure it is too, full of character, intensity and expression. In the foreground we have the negro mother, rich in her wealth of African bedizenment. To the right, a crowd of unsympathetic spectators; but one face alone expressing the slightest sympathy for the unfortunate old man, a young girl who gazes half tearfully, half curiously upon him. To the left, we have but one figure, that of an old woman, in whose face are depicted rage, hate, and bitter resentment; probably she is the bereaved mother of some young hero who has been killed during the raid. Directly behind John Brown, and filing out of the prison door, we have a group of soldiers, attired in the picturesque continental uniform; a rough, hardy looking set of fellows, headed by an officer whose face is wonderfully southern in character and expression, a mixture of chivalry and indolence. Over all towers the sombre walls of the prison.

All these figures and incidents Mr. Noble has treated with a master hand; in no part of the picture is there any approach to pettiness—the whole thing is broad, grand, impressive. In his management of lines, color, and light and shade, Mr. Noble has been remarkably successful; in no part is it possible to point to an unpleasant line or obtrusive piece of color; the whole picture is characterized by harmony and grace, and reflects great credit upon its gifted author.

Jerome Thompson's "Old Oaken Bucket" is one of those genuine, homely bits of nature in which even the veriest cockney would delight. Here we have

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew—
The wide spreading pond, and the well that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataraet fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well."

Yes, here they all are, and one seems to sniff the fresh country air, and longs to stretch himself beneath the shady branches of those old apple trees we see just peeping over the moss-covered roof of the old homestead. Probably a more thoroughly genuine picture of a country farm house has never been painted than this we have here; you seem to recognize it as an old friend, and you have seen hundreds of just such cosy little spots in your country rambles, and almost look for Aunt Matilda or blushing little Harriet to be standing in the doorway. There is a subtle charm in pictures of this class; somehow or other they appear to touch chords of the heart that give forth sweet music of other days—days of happiness and innocence.